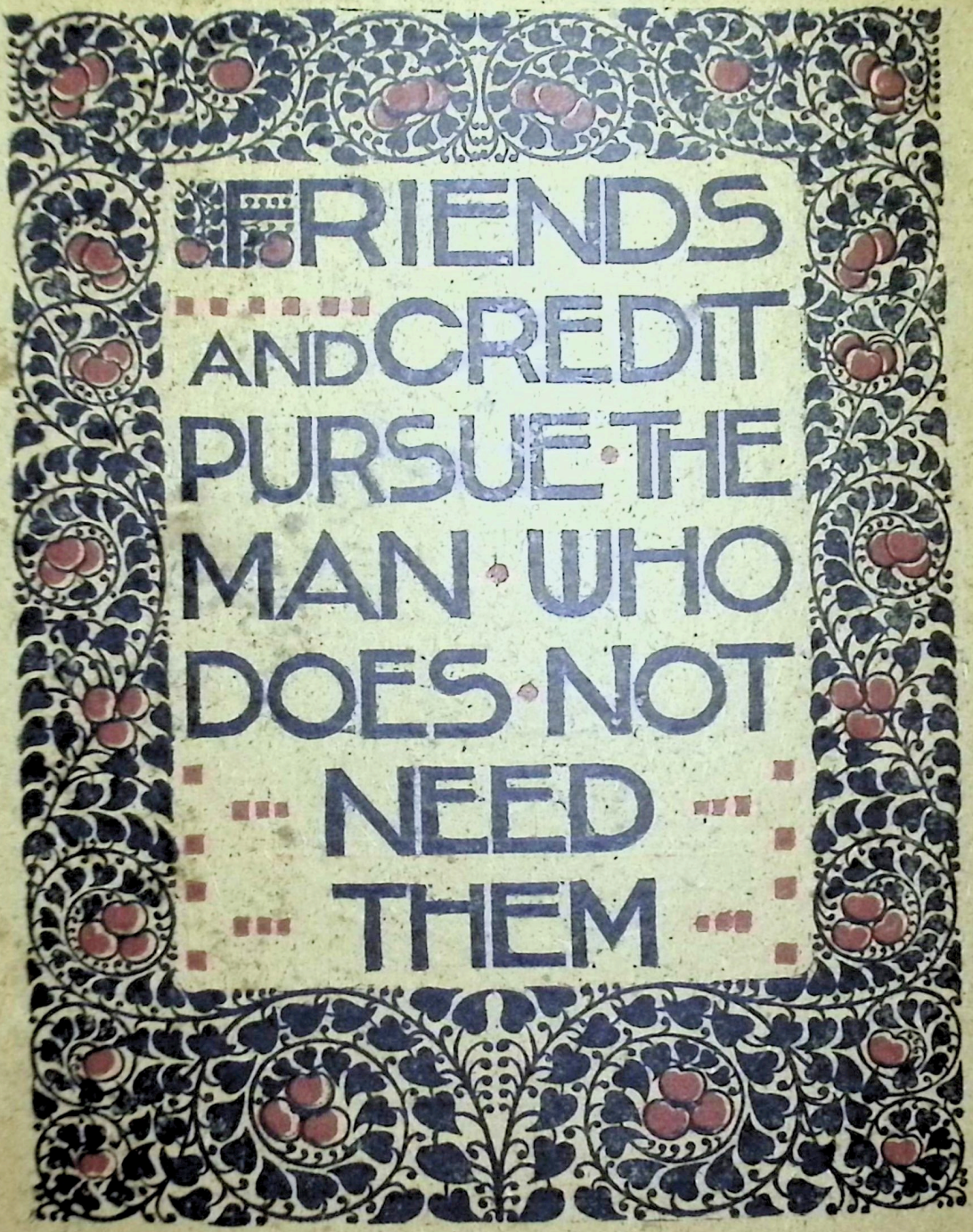
A CATALOG of SOME BOOKS & THINGS made by the ROY CROFTERS at their SHOP oppo site the SCHOOL HOVSE in EAST AVRORA

1905 & 6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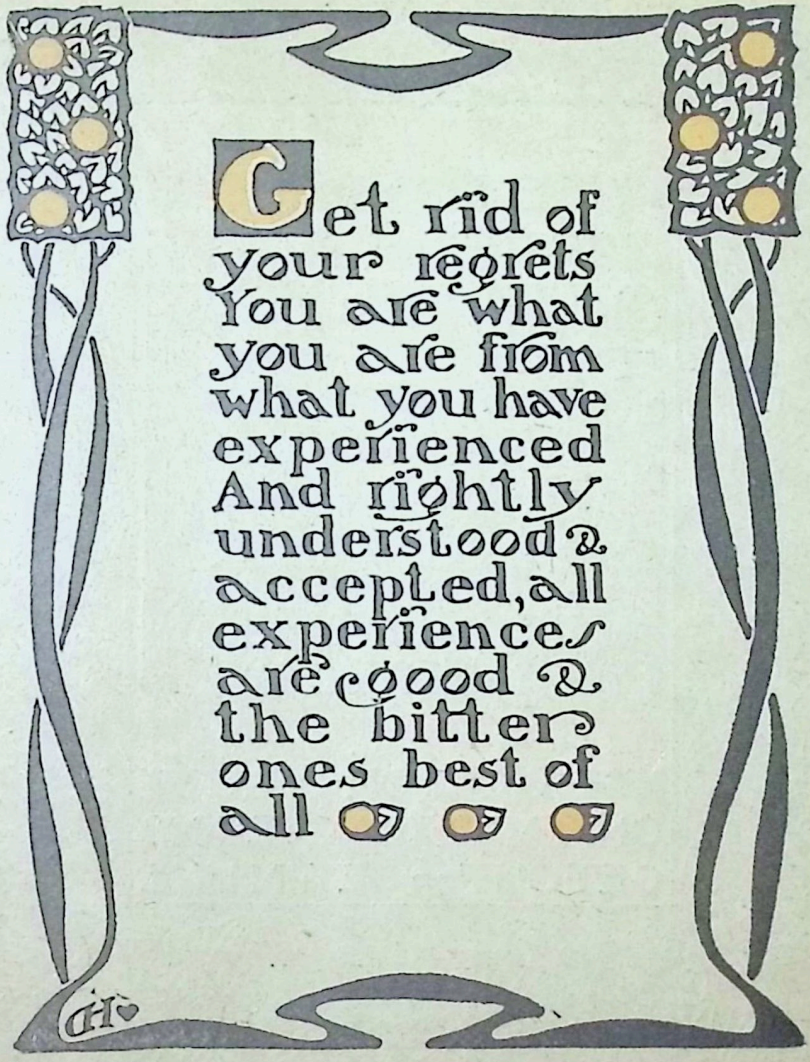

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RESPECTABILITY

ITS RISE AND REMEDY

BY

FRA ELBERTUS

AUTHOR OF

CHICAGO TONGUE AND

GET OUT OR GET IN LINE

THE ROYCROFT INN

PERISTYLE OF THE ROYCROFT INN

A CATALOG OF ROYCROFT BOOKS AND THINGS

YEAR TEN

FROM THE FOUNDING OF THE ROYCROFT SHOP

EAST AURORA N.Y

WHERE smooth the Roycroft presses
grind,
Their virgin hand-wrought reams of snow
To russet chamois, silken lined,
Unrivaled volumes—marked as low
As two dollars per copy—no
Pelf-yanking parsimony yet
May hold the ducats I let go
For Aucassin and Nicolete!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

I HAVE no Chair, no Church, no Philosophy, but each man and each woman of you I lead upon a knoll.

—*Walt Whitman.*

GREETING

THE Roycrofters are a community of workers who make beautiful Books and Things, making them as good as they can. The paper on which Roycroft books are printed is the very best procurable, and some of the initials are hand-illumined.

As a gift you probably cannot present anything at equal cost that would be more acceptable than an illumined Roycroft book. Our work is the product of the three H's: Head, Heart and Hand. In things made by hand there are no duplicates; and further, there is a quality of sentiment attached to articles thus produced that never clings to fabrics made in vast quantities by steam. Art is the expression of man's joy in his work; and the article made in joy will give joy again to the individual that possesses it. If you desire to see some Roycroft books, we will gladly send you, "on suspicion," several volumes to choose from—a postal card from you will do it. We do not sell through dealers nor agents, so it is quite useless to ask for our books at stores. Our books are made for the book-lovers, and we like to deal with our friends direct. We pay all the express charges, both directions.

THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y.

THE education gained at the expense of nerves and digestion is of small avail. We learn in times of pleasurable animation, by doing, thru expression, thru music, and the manifold influences of beauty and harmony.

The intent of the Roycrofters is not to impart truth, but rather to create an atmosphere in which souls can grow.

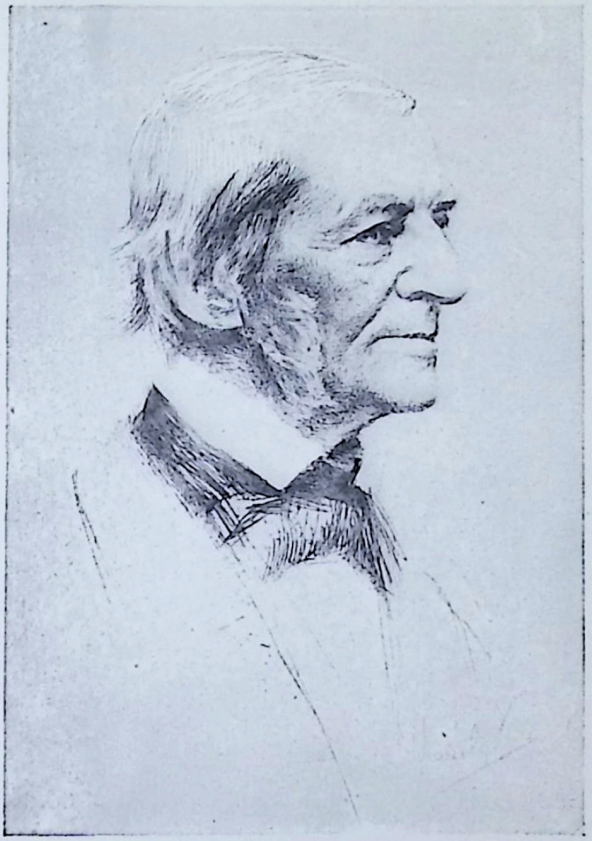
THERE are only five men in America who can write as well as Reedy—none can write better. These are Ambrose Bierce, Alfred Henry Lewis, James Huneker, and—just name the other two for yourself! Reedy has imagination, insight, sympathy, good cheer and a sense of values as one in a million. He writes as he feels, and usually he feels right. The thought to him is the vital thing, and so he is direct, eloquent, flowing and exercises a fine economy of words in his eagerness to get the thing said. Reedy has a sure, subtle skill in choosing exactly the right word—with him there are no synonyms. And every word casts a purple shadow. Grammar can be taught in schools, but literary style is the secret of God—the child of the fervent spirit.

THE LAW OF LOVE: being Fantasies of Science and Sentiment by WILLIAM MARION REEDY.

Bound in limp leather, silk lined, price	**$ 2.00**
Fifty copies Modeled Calf, each	**7.50**
A few on Japan Vellum, bound in three-fourths Levant, each	**10.00**
Two copies in Full Levant, specially tooled by Mr. Kinder, each	**50.00**

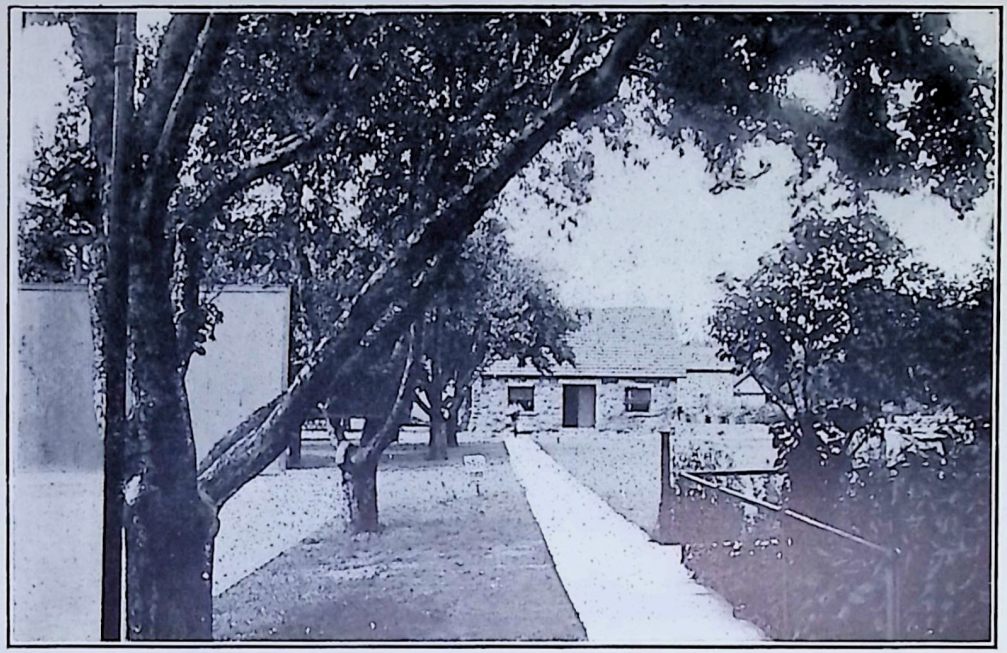
THE tide comes and goes, and authors who are in high favor in one period drop back in another. We have had Emerson waves, then Emerson would ebb a bit, but he always came back. He is now by common consent America's greatest writer—the inspirer of writers. Three things he wrote which are sufficient to found a reputation on: *Compensation*, *Friendship* and SELF-RELIANCE. The last one you read you will declare is the best—none will ever grow old. We have made a fairly pleasing volume of SELF-RELIANCE.

Bound in limp leather, silk lined	**$ 2.00**
One hundred on Japan Vellum, specially bound	**10.00**



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

Frontispiece of "Self Reliance," from original etching made especially for this book by our Mr. Otto Schneider



PLAYGROUND and BLACKSMITH SHOP

THE BALLAD · OF READING · GAOL

BY

OSCAR · WILDE

Some say it is the greatest
poem that has been written
in the last hundred years.

Done into a book
the best we know how.

Price, limp leather, silk lined	**$ 2.00**
A few in Modeled Leather, each	**7.50**
One hundred on Japan Vellum, three-fourths Levant, each	**10.00**

PHILISTINE · INDEX · AND CONCORDANCE · BY JULIA · DITTO · YOUNG

A CONCORDANCE to that Cyclopedia of Comment, THE PHILISTINE Magazine, Volumes I. to XX., with which is incorporated a table of contents of the same, and to which is appended a list of the Roycroft Books published to date. Begun December First, Nineteen Hundred Three. Finished on June Third, Nineteen Hundred Four. Revised in April, Nineteen Hundred Five.

Bound solidly in boards to match The Philistine **$1.00**

THE·ESSAY·ON·NATURE
BY
RALPH·WALDO·EMERSON

BEING an exact reprint of the first book published by Emerson. First issued in 1836, anonymously, at which time the author was thirty-three years old. In this book we find the whole work of the greatest of American writers foreshadowed. It is a prospectus, a revelation and a prophecy. To every lover of Emerson this essay ranks with Holy Writ, and in the first edition it is almost priceless.

Bound in limp leather, silk lined, per volume	**$ 2.00**
Fifty copies Repousse	**7.50**
A few on Imperial Japan Vellum, in three-fourths Levant, hand-tooled, hand-illumined	**10.00**

RESPECTABILITY
ITS·RISE·AND REMEDY
BY·ELBERT·HUBBARD

THIS work is a cosmic *Little Journey to the Home of Homo*, beginning with the creation of man and continuing to the reorganization of the Equitable Insurance Co.
This volume contains some of the best writing that the author has ever done, and is keyed throughout in fairly good humor.

Price in Limp Leather, silk lined	**$ 2.00**
A few on Imperial Japan Vellum, bound in three-quarters Levant, each	**10.00**
Two copies in Full Levant, individual books, hand-tooled, in hand-carved Mahogany box trimmed with amalgamated copper, each	**100.00**

Silence like a benediction comes to heal the blows of sound

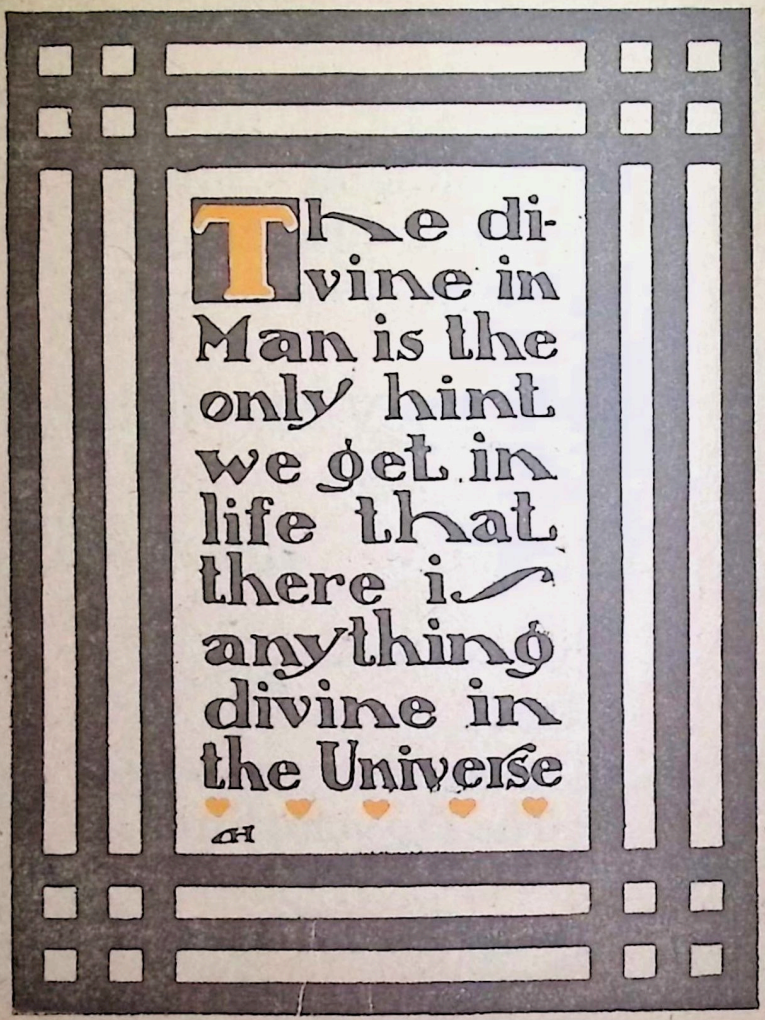
The Essay on Silence

by

Elbert Hubbard

Oh, about thirty cents will do-stamps!

The Roycrofters


The divine in Man is the only hint we get in life that there is anything divine in the Universe
AH

BEING a Little Journey to the Home of Jesus of Nazareth. A sincere attempt to depict the life, times and teachings, and with truth limn the personality of the Man of Sorrows. Printed on hand-made paper, from a new font of Roman type. Special initials and ornaments. One hundred and twenty pages. A very beautiful book, bound solidly, yet simply, in limp leather, silk lined.

The price per volume	**$ 2.00**
Fifty copies Modeled Leather	**7.50**
A few copies on Japan Vellum, bound in three-fourths Levant, hand-tooled	**10.00**

JUST out of the bindery. The story of Rip Van Winkle by Washington Irving. With a preface by Joseph Jefferson, telling how he became interested in the play ☙ Title-page, initials and ornaments designed especially for this book by Dard Hunter; on Holland hand-made paper.

Bound in limp leather or plain boards	**$ 2.00**
Fifty copies Modeled Calf	**7.50**
A few copies printed on Japan Vellum in three-quarters hand-tooled Levant	**10.00**

Little Journeys

By Elbert Hubbard

Little Journeys for Nineteen Hundred Six will be to the Homes of Great Lovers.

SUBJECTS AS FOLLOWS

1 Josiah and Sarah Wedgwood
2 William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft
3 Dante and Beatrice
4 John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor
5 Parnell and Kitty O'Shea
6 Petrarch and Laura
7 Dante Gabriel Rossetti and Elizabeth Siddall
8 Balzac and Madame Hanska
9 Fenelon and Madame Guyon
10 Ferdinand Lassalle and Helene von Donniges
11 Victor Hugo and Juliette Drouet
12 Robert Louis Stevenson & Fanny Osbourne

VERY SPECIAL

Send us your subscription soon after you receive this offer, and we will present you, Gratis, a leather-bound, silk-lined, Roycroft book, the price of which alone is Two Dollars.

THIS IS THE OFFER

Remit us Two Dollars and we will send you THE PHILISTINE Magazine for a year, LITTLE JOURNEYS for 1906, beginning with the January number, also one Two Dollar Roycroft Book, ALL FOR TWO DOLLARS

CONTEMPLATIONS

Selected from the writings of Elbert Hubbard by Heloise Hawthorne

Concerning Birth and Death and all that lies between.

THIS book is made up of forty essays, and about five hundred "orphic sayings." Printed after the style of the early Venetians in two colors. The typographical difficulties in producing such a work have seldom been overcome in recent times. As for the text, it is a bible to some, and to some it is n't.

On English Boxmoor, bound in boards **$ 5.00**

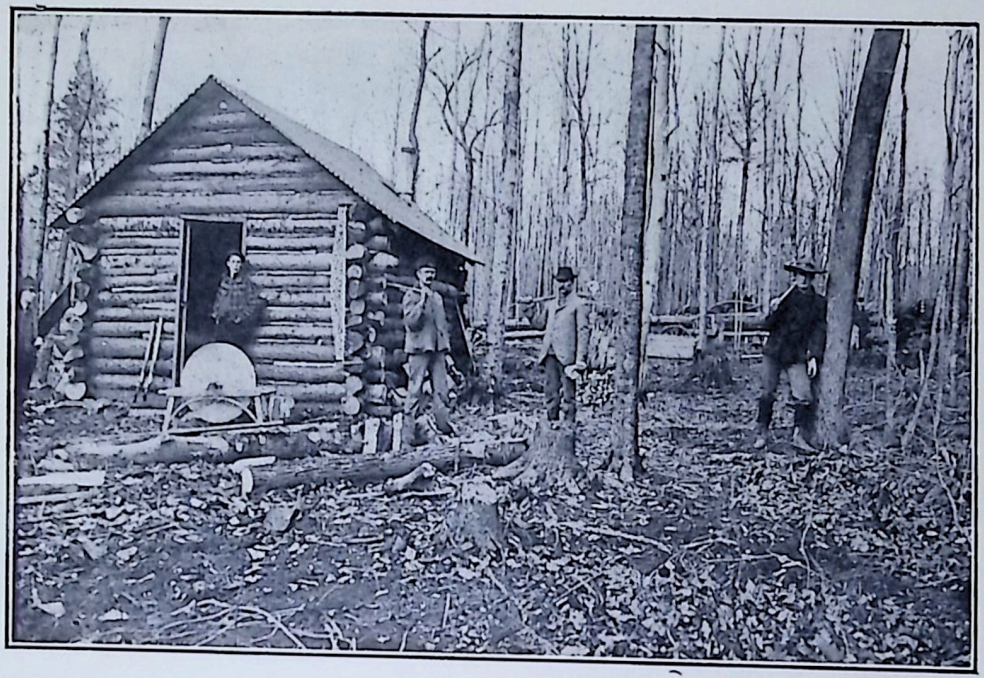
Ten copies on Imperial Vellum, hand-illumined, three-fourths Levant, hand-tooled **25.00**

THE RUBAIYAT

OF OMAR KHAYYAM

BEING the fourth paraphrase of Edward FitzGerald with an introductory essay by Hon. Clarence Darrow. Some say these wonderful quatrains are three-fourths essence of FitzGerald and one-fourth Omar. This may be so and it may not—Hamlet is Hamlet, even if Bacon did leave the play on Shakespeare's door-step. We think it is quite the most bookish *Omar* this country has seen. In two colors, original ornaments, initials and borders. A book especially adapted for presentation.

Regular edition, limp leather, silk lined **$2.00**



A ROYCROFT CAMP

ALI BABA'S BROTHER

A Little Journey to East Aurora

By Francis and Abigail Farrar in *Pall Mall* (London) *Gazette.*

ON our way back from the Antipodes we were cautioned by Sir Robert Stout, Chief Justice of New Zealand, not to miss visiting the Roycrofters, at East Aurora, New York.

Cities we had seen, and mountain, plain, forest, and wide seas in many moods, were to us familiar. ¶ What we desired to see were Men and Women! ¶ Folks are everywhere—they swarm over the earth like flies, objectless, fearing, dodging, clutching, eating, drinking, carousing, filled with the mania of owning things, demanding honors, craving recognition—hectic, hungry and apprehensive. ¶ We had read Milton's "Paradise Regained," Thomas Moore's "Utopia," Bellamy's "Looking Backward," William Morris' "Dream of John Ball." We had been to Jerusalem, Mecca, Canaan. We knew Merton Abbey, Kelmscott, the Society of St. George, Brook Farm, Amana, Harmony Hall, the Darmstadt Art Colony, the Zoarites and the Zionists.

Labor is the only prayer that is ever answered

We were familiar with the descriptions of Heaven as pictured in Holy Writ, and in imagination we had gone in search of the Holy Grail, crusading and searching the earth for peace, only at last to be put off with a promise.

Now we went to East Aurora to see the Roycrofters!

The Roycrofters are not crusaders—they do not seek a Utopia to come, nor do they look back to a paradise lost. They just assume that they are in heaven now, and then they try to make the assumption good. ¶ The Roycrofters prize the present. They take the material and talent that is right at hand, and make the best of them. ¶ And that is the miracle!

We scour the world for the Kohinoor, and coming home find it under our doorstep.

'Man never is, but always to be blest!" All wrong, we are blest,

and now is the Holy Time. Take off thy shoes anywhere—you can never make a mistake—the place on which thou standest is always holy ground. ¶ God speaks from every bush, and every useful thing is a sacred thing, and all that is rightly used is thereby sanctified.

EAST AURORA is a village eighteen miles southeast of Buffalo, New York. ¶ In this village live the Roycrofters, more than four hundred of them. They all work—they work with "Head, Heart & Hand." They have no servants and no bosses,—they have teachers & leaders instead. The Roycrofters turn out books that sell as high as fifty guineas. Some of these books go to Paris, Florence, Leipsic and London, in competition with the finest things in the book line that the world has produced.

One man's rights end only where another man's begin

The Roycrofters paint pictures; and are represented at the Salon in Paris and in the best galleries of America.

The Roycrofters make furniture which adorns palaces, and ornamental copper and iron work that commands the patronage of connoisseurs.

And yet the Roycrofters are simple folks, who, living in an obscure country village, have by the excellence of their lives lifted the place into a fame that is world-wide.

To search the earth for talented people, bring them together and produce art, would be easy; but for two or three persons to begin in a barn without capital, in an average little quibbling, narrow-minded country village where the art impulse is conspicuous by its absence, and educate and evolve skilled workers out of crude material, and at the same time make money so as to extend the business—that is an achievement!

The Roycrofters are organized as a corporation, but work together as a Community.

They own and operate a Printing Plant; a Book Bindery; a Hotel; a Farm; a Bank; a Blacksmith Shop; a Cabinet Shop.

They also weave rugs, model in clay, make stained glass windows,

and raise flowers, poultry, vegetables, live-stock, and run a dairy. They have an art gallery, a chapel, a ballroom, a playground, a brass band and an orchestra. Their Phalansterie is so arranged that one side of all sleeping rooms is open, so practically they sleep out of doors. They have very little use for doctors.

Their property must be worth half a million dollars. They issue no bonds, give no mortgages and have no debts, making it a rule to expand only as fast as they can pay for the improvements. Now all of the things we have just mentioned exist, in degree, elsewhere ❧ So there must be something else, otherwise the eyes of the world would not be turned, as they are, towards East Aurora ❧ ❧

The more one knows the more he simplifies

And this other thing is the vital thing; and books, furniture, pictures and carpets are only the by-products. And that vital thing is Atmosphere. And Atmosphere produces Character.

On a great oaken door at Roycroft is this line from Walt Whitman:
PRODUCE GREAT PEOPLE—THE REST FOLLOWS!

Great people make an atmosphere, and in turn, of course, an atmosphere reacts on the people. As far as we can judge, knowing America fairly well, we should say that there is more of the true Art Spirit in East Aurora than any other place in the United States.

Rich men in any city may subscribe large sums and erect art galleries and lay out parks. These are like fine houses built by contractors, and furnished by professional decorators, whose business it is to please the owner.

Art must be indigenous, spontaneous. The best art of the Roycrofters is seen in their buildings and homes.

In America there is much of the parvenu quality, so we see houses that are mere curiosity shops, in which are jumbled the loot of the world; and in England the spirit of the bourgeois is found to almost the same degree—coarse, crude, gilt and gaudy displays of wealth! Very, very seldom do we find harmony and wholeness and absence of fussiness in decoration.

And all because the decoration and ornament are purchased, bought —produced by one set of men for another set of men who are in a totally different business.

"Where the artist is, there is art," said Whistler. To get art you must let the artist make the thing for himself; whenever you bribe or coerce him you get a departure from the pure type.

Great art has only been produced by simple, isolated, self-sufficient people—& peo- ple, too, who are more or less crude, barbaric and racy of the soil. Such were Michael An- gelo, Rem- brandt, Frans Hals, the Bel- linis, Cellini, Palissy, Millet, Wedgwood, Turner. The artists in literature have been men like Ruskin, Tolstoy, Whitman, Thoreau, Hugo, Shakespeare.

A true philosopher is one who is able to laugh at himself

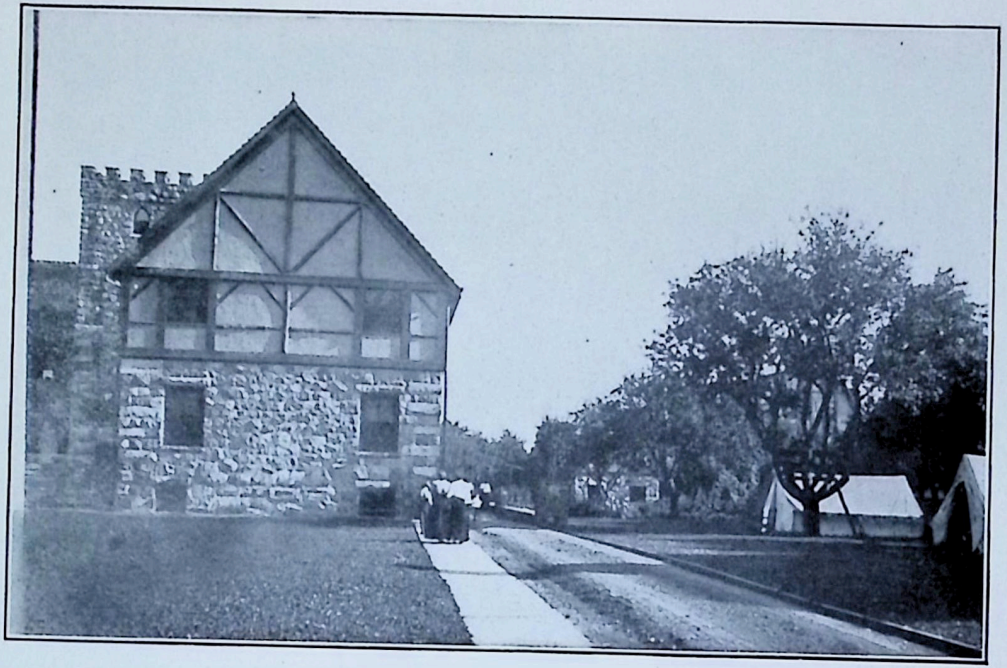
Folks who are sophisticated, smart, alert, astute, work their energies up into foam and erect tenements that collapse, grand-stands that break down, processionals that melt when caught in a shower, street-fairs that dissolve in a high wind.

But at Roycroft one realizes somewhat of the atmosphere that built the Parthenon. As we stood in the moonlight at East Aurora, and looked up at the great stone tower that rises above the main Shop, built of glacial stones gathered in the near-by fields, we were hushed into silence and tears by the strength and dignity of the lines—so self-sufficient, so bold yet so modest, speaking of eternity and telling of the shortness of human life, for these buildings will endure long after the builders are dust.

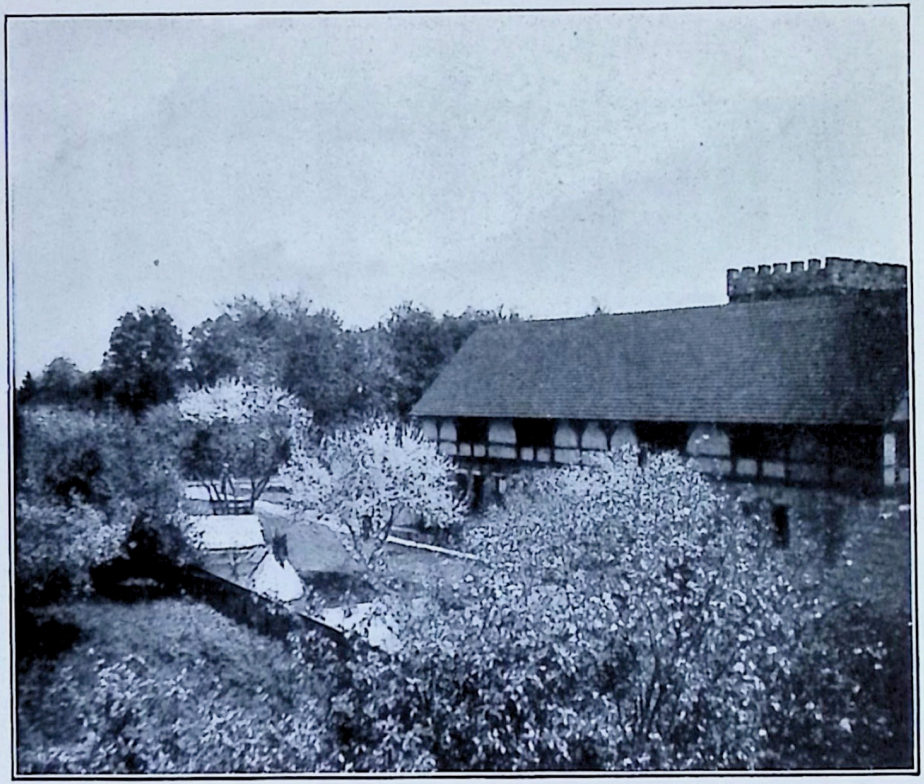
And these beautiful buildings are workshops—planned and erected by working people for working people.

So this is the idea, the Roycrofters are building for the generations that are to follow—they are influencing a people yet unborn!

The Roycroft Inn, or "Phalansterie," is a building without decoration or ornament, and so simple and subdued that at first sight it would not command the attention of the average man. But on closer view one finds it a model of elegance and convenience—an elegance so refined that it passes for simplicity. The dining-room we thought



THE APPIAN WAY



OVERLOOKING THE ORCHARD

quite equal to some of those German creations at Karlsruhe. ¶ All of the furniture in this little hostelry was made by the Roycrofters themselves, and in the sparsity of ornament, the subdued colors, the beautiful grains of the hard woods, one sees the sure influence of William Morris.

It has been said that the Roycroft work was founded on the idea of William Morris, but let no one imagine that the Roycrofters are mere imitators —they have, in many respects, passed Morris far. One thing, William Morris inherited a fortune & always had the money to secure the talent he desired, if it was not close at hand. But the Roycroft has had to produce its workmen. And to a great degree the best people now in the Roycroft Shop are those with a tortuous past. Some have seen the inside of court rooms, from the criminal dock; others are quite familiar with bankruptcy proceedings, and it almost seems as if all of them had at some time slipped or stumbled; but if they fell, they got up again, and now surely are going bravely forward.

In ethics you cannot better the Golden Rule

In the Shops are seen all ages from children to octogenarians. Then there are the blind, the deaf, and now and then a mental defective—but all at work, busy, happy,—losing themselves in useful effort. ¶ It would be absurd to say you could build up a community with the defective or broken down, but if you have enough strength, character, purpose and love, the whole concern will not only float, but will make head.

So the Roycrofters have among them a deal of firm, moral and mental fibre—men and women who can keep the hoops on the barrel and the chimes in place.

As to the financial policy of this successful concern a word or two is worth while. The Roycroft has no figureheads, no hangers-on, no pensioners—everybody works. Wages are paid weekly; the wage being a little under that paid elsewhere. But we must consider the advantages of the place, for it is really a school and factory combined, and many of the workers fully realize that they are getting

paid here for doing what they would have to pay for the privilege of doing elsewhere.

Next, there is no waste. Poultry and live stock consume what is not wanted at the Phalansterie or Inn; and people who work steadily eight hours a day do not destroy, nor are they given to roystering.

¶ Two magazines of world-wide circulation are published by the Community, and these to a certain degree, advertise and sell the wares of the concern. Next, Mr. Hubbard's presence is in demand as a public lecturer, and for his services in this way he is paid several hundred dollars a night, all of which money goes into the Roycroft treasury. At the same time the lectures advertise the Roycrofters, for Mr. Hubbard does not endeavor to conceal the fact that he is in business.

The charm of reading is in the recognition of what we know

Then there is the stream of visitors who go to this wonderful place, and who all leave more or less money. Occasionally these visitors remain for weeks to study bookbinding, music or art, and so are a source of income.

The various departments of the Shop give a chance to try workers in different places—if they don't fit in one place they may elsewhere. Then the care of the grounds, flowers, gardens, etc., afford opportunity for those too old or without the capacity for skilled work.

Possibly it is not feasible to have a Roycroft Shop in every town, but surely we can all cultivate the Roycroft spirit, which is to "live one day at a time, do our work as well as we can, and be kind."

Things only happen when some strong man makes them. We think that the real achievement of Elbert Hubbard has been in securing, and to a great degree in educating excellent, earnest people, and then keeping them at work together, happy and harmonious.

Do not ostracize the sawbuck, and still expect that things will taste like those your mother used to make.

East Aurora Defined

Charles M. Skinner in the Brooklyn *Eagle*

EAST AURORA is a tranquil place of about two thousand people, some of whom wear last year's clothes without a blush or a murmur, and some wear galways and the like adornments that are seen on the faces of the farmers in "Puck." This settlement is seventeen miles southeast of Buffalo and is reached by a road train that covers the entire distance three times a day. The conductor stops whenever he sees a man, so as to argue with him that he ought to get on and buy a ride and encourage local enterprise. When you reach East Aurora it is only a couple of minutes' walk to the Roycroft Shop. Anybody will tell you where it is, because it is the only thing in the place that gives distinction to it. The Roycroft Shop is the result of a lark. Hubbard printed a little magazine that he called THE PHILISTINE just for fun. He expected to discontinue it after the second number, because in two numbers he could utter the various gibes he had in mind against certain enemies. But having put out a second number, orders came for more, and pretty soon the little thing had become a permanence. It is as small as ever but full of cranberry sauce. Having then secured type enough for a magazine he asked why he should not amuse himself by making a book, and he did it. He turned the Song of Solomon and the Book of Job into thin volumes with wide margins, rubricated borders and initials, accessory essays and other improvements, and these likewise sold. The first paper was a little bit spongy, the first ink a little oily, but that is not the case any more. The Roycroft has its own paper, its own leather, its own type, its own artists to make new type and ornaments, and a lot of other things that are its own. It is more and more self-centered. William Morris, who learned several trades, including those of poet and artist, in order that he might make better books than anybody else, has left a few perfect volumes as a result of his work in the Kelmscott

We arouse in others the attitude we hold toward them

Press, which was established in almost as unpretentious a way as the Roycroft. It was the inspiration of his example that led to the advance of this American Kelmscott after it had solidified out of the vision of its founders. Yet there is no imitation. The Roycroft books are distinct in type, binding, decoration and everything.

The Shop looks like a church, with another church built on. Inside it suggests the church also, and it would not be surprising if its founder had been unconsciously influenced by religious associations. It was the old monks who made books, for a couple of working at them hours a day, & it was the monks who did the illuminating on the missals and breviaries that we see in the museums. So, indirectly, it may be that the monks were responsible for the ecclesiastical architecture and the oaken beams of the Shop in East Aurora. The unshoplike character of the place is striking. There is no racket, no raggedness, no smell of oil or ink or smoke. The floors are as clean as a dinner plate, and when a drop of ink or paint is spilled, the culprit wipes it up instead of burying it under a tobacco quid, or leaving it for some one else.

Hardship consists in thinking hardship

Flowers and bric-a-brac and pictures make the rooms cheery and parlor-like, and outside it is neat and cheery, too, with the bright lawn and the plants and vines. There is a building like a castle, used as an auditorium and art gallery, constructed out of field bowlders. And who do you suppose built it? Why, the printers. "Imagine," says Fra Elbertus, "asking a jour printer to lay stone! But our fellows do it because they like to. It is a change. After they have been at work at the case for several hours they like to get out in the air and the sun and do something different."

One may see Richard Croker in a pair of overalls and an ancient hat trundling bowlders up the gangway in a wheelbarrow. The spectacle is somewhat startling. A nearer view, however, proves that the one with the barrow is not Mr. Croker, but a famous man-of-all-work known as Ali Baba. He was born in East Aurora and has never been out of Erie County in his life. When Mr. Hubbard settled in the place

twenty years ago and tried to raise cabbages between the stones, and failing in that raised the stones from between the cabbages for building purposes, Ali Baba was his helper. He lugs rocks and waters the lawn and whenever a visitor is refractory it is Ali Baba who is sent to argue with him. There is a good deal of decision about the chin of Ali Baba, covered tho it is with grizzled bristles. He resembles a man who if he were kicked and found it out would distribute trouble.

When you read intelligently, you collaborate with the author

When Mr. Hubbard reverts to nature on Saturdays and goes off to swim or sit beside the creek in the shade, Ali Baba attends to many things in his absence. It is time to have a look at Hubbard himself. Imagine Napoleon Bonaparte born in Colorado and intended by his folks to be a cowboy, and imagine him having changed his folks' mind and deciding to go to a theological seminary, and that is something like him. He has the complexion tinged with healthy red and brown that pertains among the agriculturists in East Aurora; he has a piercing black eye, a high brow, a chin that he could fight with. He wears a blue flannel shirt, a pair of blue overalls that do not match the shirt and no hat. How beautifully his clothes do not reflect his intellect! He can be as serious as a parson, as nimble of wit as Mark Twain, as picturesque as Ruskin, as sly as Sterne, as quaint as Herrick, and indeed, his reading has been so wide that he can playfully freak his own style into a semblance of that of any one.

Hubbard has preserved a little of his country manner, a certain deliberation, a half shyness, a wholesomeness, and most remarkable of all, a continued enjoyment of the country, which those born to it so seldom appreciate. He has also preserved as one of the rustic traditions a belief in the supremacy of human hands, and his shop is an earnest of his faith, for of all the work done there, none, except the press work, comes from a machine. He even makes the most of his literature with his hands, and he has made a good deal of it. Besides writing THE PHILISTINE every month, or most of it, he has published the "Little Journeys," two or three novels, several

books of essays and a two-volume book of more than passing consequence: a historical tale named "Time and Chance" and presenting John Brown of Ossawatomie in a romantic guise. ¶ Roycroft Books are not for the people with whom a yellow-covered novel suffice. They are the best in literature and they are the best in dress. Some people are so choice of them that they do not try to read them, or, they buy two copies; one to read and the other to keep in a glass case. And it is a delight to own a thing that was made simply to be beautiful. The paper is strong & fine and has the Roycroft water mark; the covers are sometimes of gray boards gilt lettered, which is a perfectly simple and agreeable way to bind a book, while others are of flexible leather with satin linings and letters and designs in relief. Crushed levant has entered into the stock of the shop and some gorgeous bindings will be put upon the new $100 copy of Shakespeare's plays, hand-illumined and printed on real vellum. Such books are luxuries, of course, but they are luxuries that never pall upon one. As in the case of the Kelmscott books they are so few in number that copies are not distributed to the press for notice, they are not sold in book stores, they are not advertised. Who wants one must send for it. ¶ It is in the fact that every book is different, that the meaning and value of this experiment in art colonization consists. Here is a country village, without ideals, without industries of consequence, with no great amount of money, and it is one of the last places on earth that one would pick out as the seat of an enterprise like this. Commonly, the best thing we expect from a country village is a chair factory or a woolen mill, where the people grind away at the same old tasks year after year, never growing wiser or abler or developing in any way. In the Roycroft Shop the farmers' boys and the boarding house waiters and the mechanics' girls are learning to become artists. Many of them have become artists. There is a quiet-faced daughter of the village blacksmith, who, two or three years ago did not know a paint brush by sight. She went to the free art

To be deceived by a man is not so bad as to distrust him

school instituted by Mr. Hubbard and now she has one of the tables in the illuminating department and is doing work that shows a remarkable aptness. Nobody in the shop has a finer feeling for color and a nicer delicacy of taste than she.

One noticeable thing in the Shop is that there are no bosses, no heads of departments. All are on equal terms. Mr. Hubbard looks around, encourages, advises, but never commands. He never has to. This commune & no is an industrial member of it feels himself forced to stay. All are working not merely for money, but for art. The rules if there are any, are lax, but the observance is so willing that you would suppose it to be strict. Nowhere will you see a quieter, more willing looking company than that of these healthy farmer lads and these pink-cheeked girls in light shirt waists. Every morning and afternoon there is a recess of fifteen minutes to rest the eyes of the painters; a full hour is allowed for dinner: there is no work on Saturday afternoon, and the people are encouraged to play ball or anything else. The Shop is open for any that want to use it after hours, and there are books, baths and pianos for all hands. When Mr. Hubbard was swapping horses he never kicked and whipped them, as they do in Manambato, Madagascar, and he found, to the astonishment of the others, that they never refused to work. He believes that human beings may be treated as well as horses without exciting them to revolt.

The man that endures is the man that wins

So here is a place where one industry has led into another—pottery is a recent addition—and all of them artistic and all of them manual, and there is work now for many people at good wages and sharings, where a few years ago there was none but mechanical and distasteful work where there was any. The Shop has proved the feasibility of a revival in hand industries. It has proved the saving force of industry, for the busy are the moral. It has proved that the country people are at least as apt as those in the cities, and possibly it will be found that they are more so, for they are not forced to see horrible examples in such multitudes every day. It has proved that by partially

re-establishing monastic conditions of quiet, seclusion and common purpose one may secure results similar to those which were obtained from the cloisters. It proves that a beginning can be safely made of an industrial commune. It doesn't matter about the center of a village's activities being a printing shop. Without a Hubbard to start it the chance is it would do very bad printing. But there are things enough to do with one's hands, and a growing company of people who are willing to purchase the best things when they are made by hand, instead of the monotonous machine-made stuff that fills the city shops at present. ¶ As a possession, one Roycroft book is worth a library of sloppy volumes, written, set and printed by machinery. So with a hundred things we need to have about us: cloth, lace, furniture, hangings, upholstery, lamps, metal work, porcelains and the like. All honor to East Aurora!

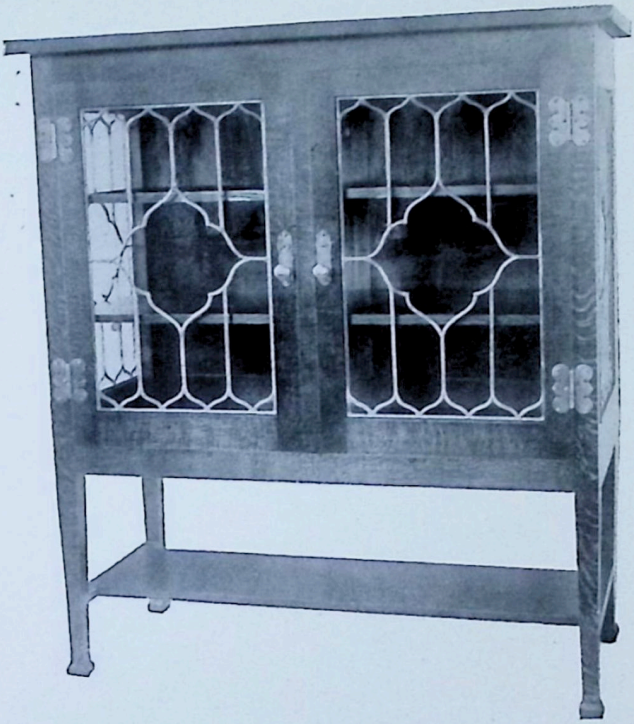
Action will remove the doubt that theory cannot solve

Fra Elbertus in Syzygy

Dr. E. L. Stevens in Louisiana *School Review.*

THE virtuous Fra Elbertus and the virtuoso Paderewski appeared simultaneously in New Orleans on the evening of January 16. Both played to crowded houses—which not only proves the variety of people it takes to make a world, but illustrates an old truth announced by the Fra in his First Principles, namely, that some things can happen as well as others. A discussion of this subject divides itself naturally into two heads—Fra Elbertus's and Paderewski's. Fra Elbertus wore easy clothes, a Swinburnesque tie, and a graceful head of hair slightly weathered on top, but falling in silken clusters over his shoulders—all out of a 17th century picture book; while Paderewski wore the regulation evening suit and the fuzzy-wuzzy lion's-mane type of pianoforte hair of which his head affords the most illustrious living example—if not the limit.

It seems that when a man sets up in the genius business, he gets so busy with his art or what it is, that he soon forgets all about



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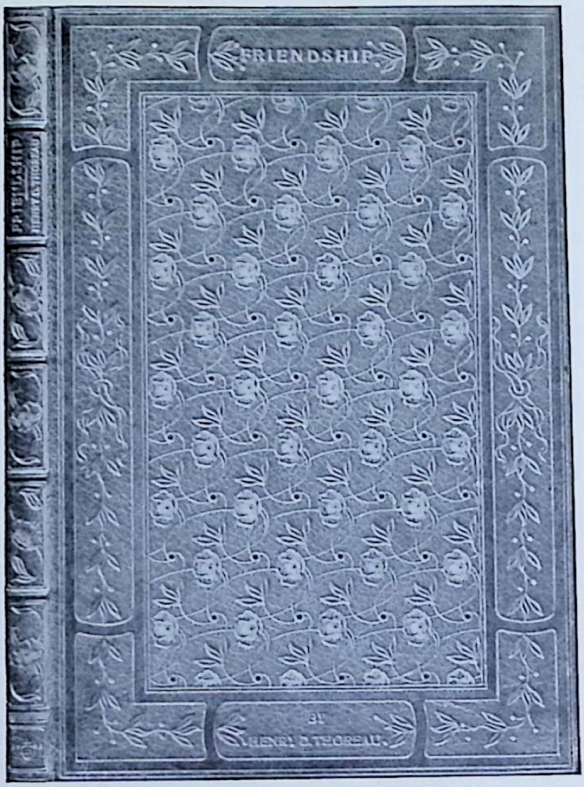

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going to the barber, and presently his golden hair is hanging down his back. It does not follow that genius resides in long hair, as the long-headed will at once perceive, but only that long hair is apt to be one of the secretions of genius, and that abstraction and far-thinking tend to remove one from the domain of conventionality and give him over to the uninterrupted operation of natural forces—and it has been observed that hair will grow if let alone. Of course, there are plenty of good fourteen-karat geniuses that do not wear long hair, but these usually stay close to earth and the barber-shop—lest they forget. They have no grand inter-planetary orbit—they 're always in perigee, and in fact are only peri-geniuses

The thing we do best in life is that which we play at most in youth

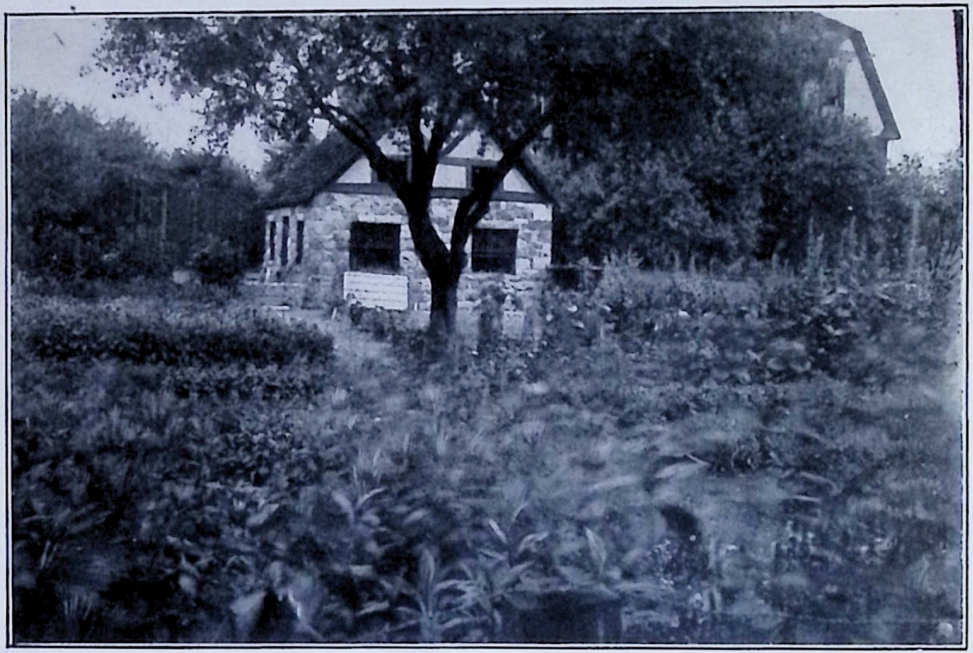
But Fra Elbertus and I. J. P. are the genuine article. They have burned the earth-bridge behind them and are a-sail in the stellar deeps of a spirit sea. Paderewski for all his spectacular outside—his "capillary attraction," his ebullient temper, and his paroxysmal, Walpurgis-night technique—is still the world's great master and interpreter of that realm of spirit into which the occasional glimpses we get are through the pianoforte. And those who have the time and the talent to breathe of the purest atmosphere of that realm must depend upon him to take them there—as much as the American traveler to Europe depends upon the steamship, or as the astronomer depends upon the telescope. While as for Fra Elbertus, he too sings "songs without words." He too has spectacular aspects —long hair, curious ways, a comprehensive verbal virtuosity, and a wonderful technique. And he too is a medium—he takes you into a realm of thought and feeling, and delights all those who love beautiful books—"and things," those who admire American independence, those who believe in the gospel of work, of kindness, of plain living and high thinking, and those who possess a sense of humor and enjoy an occasional bit of fooling.

A curious instance of "kabojolism," and a partial confirmation of the Elbertean theory of vibrations, is the fact that while the editor

Aurora, all aboard!" and recognized in East Aurora the Mecca of her dreams. It was with no mystic exaltation that I sat in the smoker of the East Aurora express. Near me sat some Wisconsin freshmen who were young enough to tremble with nervous excitement at the experience which awaited them. But youth is prone to enthusiasm and the mind of a freshman is beyond analysis. Not enthusiasm but rather cynicism was my portion. To me the Fra's English was a trifle bizarre, his philosophy a jumble of platitudes, his motive the accumulation of the dollar, the weapon of modern society. I became as the skeptic, the doubting scoffer, the cynical critic. But I soon discovered that to judge Elbert Hubbard and his work from the seat of a smoker is far different from judging him in the workshop, the studio and the home of the Roycrofters. It would be as fair as judging Christianity, Judaism and Islamism by their various theologies, instead of by their practical and real influence on the lives of men. Some years have passed since my little journey, and I am by no means as critical and as suspicious now of Elbert Hubbard as I was then. The little men of little mental stature never change their minds. I say now that if Hubbard's English is indeed bizarre, so was Carlyle's, so was Browning's and so was Shakespeare's. I understand now that if Hubbard's philosophy is platitudinarian, likewise were the speeches of the Deuteronomist and the Sermon on the Mount. If modern society rid itself of the fads and the fancies, the ephemeral moods and aspirations, and return to platitudes, modern society were the better for it. Are not the Ten Commandments the classical platitudes? And what in its essence is "The Simple Life" of Pastor Wagner? The nineteenth century shall go down into the annals of time as the wonder age of all that is material in the world of science and art. Philosophy and ethics alone remained in their theoretical states. The work of the twentieth century is to make of philosophy and ethics actual realities. It is time that the platitudes receive material and empirical treatment.—(Rabbi) ELIAS MARGOLIS in Pueblo (Colorado) "Star-Journal."

Lazy men are as useless as dead ones, and take up more room

THE CHAPEL



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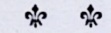

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Whilom of "Slabsides"

WRITTEN BY FRA ELBERTUS

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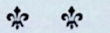

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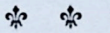

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JOAQUIN MILLER

By Elbert Hubbard

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Addison	Brahms	Antony	Aurelius
Southey	Raphael	Savonarola	Spinoza
Coleridge	Leonardo	Luther	Swedenborg
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Wagner	Thorwaldsen	Pitt	Comte
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The Roycroft Salon

At The Roycroft Inn

ONLY a room, a music room, yes, but what a beautiful one!

What is beauty anyway?

Was it Charles Lamb or Tom Hood who dowered us with the words, "The beautiful plain face of a woman?"

And first of all in this room—which is fifty feet in length by thirty in breadth, and has pillared alcoves and deep window recesses and wide leathern cushioned seats, but no despoiling rug, hanging picture or curtain—we pay homage to the beautiful plainness of oak, and how man has used it everywhere, in ceiling, floor, and paneled wall, with a wise and loving eye for symmetry, harmony and simplicity. And where the natural glory of wood ends, the glory of art begins in mural paintings that surround the entire room, and represent in large and small panels, Greece, India, Rome, England, America, Egypt, France, Italy.

We walk on the banks of the Tiber and wander in Athenian temples; down the Thames we slip in a brown barge, looking back to St. Paul's dome against a sky of smoked pearl—the poetry of fog; and facing this grey London, lo! a Venice—full of blue. Here, too, the Roycroft, symbolizing its own springtime.

But among these and others it is left for us to stand in silence before the silent Sphinx, sunk in golden sands under a golden moon.

To what do we dedicate this room? To art, music, speech, song? No, not even to beauty.

These follow, but its dedication is surely to Thought—thought, the bliss and the torment of mankind!—for it sprang from a woman's thought, brain vitalized by heart. ¶ I believe after all, beauty is just love, expressed. ¶ "The love you liberate in your work is the love you keep," & on the heavy oaken door opening into this Salon a skillful hand has carved deep the saying.—ELIZABETH H. BOWLE.

EVERY employe pays for superintendence and inspection. Some pay more and some less. That is to say, a dollar-a-day man would receive two dollars a day were it not for the fact that some one has to think for him, look after him and supply the will that holds him to his task. The result is that he contributes to the support of those who superintend him. Make no mistake about this: incompetence and disinclination require supervision, and they pay for it and no one else does. The less you require looking after—the more able you are to stand alone and complete your tasks, the greater your reward. Then if you can, not only do your own work, but direct intelligently and effectively the efforts of others, your reward is in exact ratio, and the more people you can direct, and the higher the intelligence you can rightly lend, the more valuable is your life. ¶ The Law of Wages is as sure and exact in its working as the Law of the Standard of Life. You can go to the very top and take Edison for instance, who sets a vast army at work and wins not only deathless fame, but a fortune, great beyond the dreams of avarice. And going down the scale, you can find men who will not work of themselves and no one can make them work, and so their lives are worth nothing, and they are a tax and a burden on the community. Do your work so well that it will require no supervision, and by doing your own thinking you will save the expense of hiring some one to think for you.—ELBERT HUBBARD.

The above paragraph we have printed in large type with a special ornamental border, hand-illumined, suitable for framing. Price, One Dollar; framed roycroftie in Weathered Oak, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents each.

Initiative

By Elbert Hubbard

THE world bestows its big prizes, both in money and honors, for but one thing. ¶ And that is Initiative. ¶ What is Initiative? ¶ I'll tell you: It is doing the right thing without being told.

But next to doing the thing without being told is to do it when you are told once. That is to say, carry the Message to Garcia! ¶ There are those who never do a thing until they are told twice: such get no honors and small pay.

Next, there are those who do the right thing only when necessity kicks them from behind, and these get indifference instead of honors, and a pittance for pay. This kind spends most of its time polishing a bench with a hard-luck story.

Then, still lower down in the scale than this, we have the fellow who will not do the right thing even when some one goes along to show him how, and stays to see that he does it: he is always out of a job, and receives the contempt he deserves, unless he has a rich Pa, in which case Destiny patiently awaits around the corner with a stuffed club.

To which class do you belong?

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